



FIREHEAD EDITIONS

Frederick Frahm

BOSQUE SONGS

COMPLETE TEXTS

BOOK 1: HAZEL HALL

BOOK 2: ELINOR WYLIE, LOUISE MOULTON, SOPHIE JEWETT

BOOK 3: EMILY DICKINSON

BOSQUE SONGS, BOOK 1 (THREE PART MIXED & PIANO)

Songs for Dreams

Some dreams that I have loved
And dreamed by night and day,
Though they are lost to me,
Are never far away.
A part of lurking winds,
Of silence in grey rooms-
From every echoed sound,
And out of corner glooms
They come as strange as ghosts,
Beseeching me with praying hands
To give them life in songs.

October Chorus

Come not here to listen,
Come not here to see;
We sing but a broken song
Of a leafless tree.
Come not here for grief
Come not for gladness.
See the fallen leaves,
Were they not once fair?

Hearsay

They say there are shadows
That wait for your hands,
Water-cool shadows
To cover your hands.
They say there is twilight
For eyes that are done
With piecing together
The colors of the sun;
They say there is twilight
Kinder than sun.
They tell of the purple
Of time that will sweep
Over you, purple
Where you will sleep-
Purple time drifting
Like sand where you sleep.

Hazel Hall (1886-1924)

BOSQUE SONGS, BOOK 2 (U OR 2 PT TREBLE, OPT. VLN., & PIANO)

Hope

Now let no charitable hope
Confuse my mind with images
Of eagle and of antelope:
I am by nature none of these.
I was, being human, born alone;
I am, being woman, hard beset;
I live by squeezing from a stone
What little nourishment I get.
In masks outrageous and austere
The years go by in single file;
But none has merited my fear,
And none has quite escaped my smile.

Elinor Wylie (1885-1928)

Beauty

She sees her image in the glass,--
How fair a thing to gaze upon!
She lingers while the moments run,
Like winds across the meadow grass
When the young June is just begun:
She sees her image in the glass,--
What wealth of gold the skies amass!
How glad are all things 'neath the sun!
How true the love her love has won!
She recks not that this hour will pass,--
She sees her image in the glass.

Louise Chandler Moulton (1835-1908)

Ghosts

I slept last night and dreamed,
I woke and cried,
For in my sleep it seemed,
Close by my side,
Walked still and slow the old days that have died.
All ghostly slow they passed,
All ghostly still;
Of old who fled so fast,
With life a-thrill,
With laughing lips and eyes, with eager will.
So ghostlike, yet the same,
Each dear dead day,
Softly I called her name
And bade her stay;
Softly she turned and smiled and went her way.

Sophie Jewett (1861-1909)

BOSQUE SONGS, BOOK. 3 (SATB, OPT. STR. TRIO, & PIANO)

#621

I asked no other thing—
No other—was denied—
I offered Being—for it—
The Mighty Merchant sneered—

Brazil? He twirled a Button—
Without a glance my way—
"But—Madam—is there nothing else—
That We can show—Today?"

#301

I reason, Earth is short --
And Anguish -- absolute --
And many hurt,
But, what of that?

I reason, we could die --
The best Vitality
Cannot excel Decay,
But, what of that?

I reason, that in Heaven --
Somehow, it will be even --
Some new Equation, given --
But, what of that?

#1121

Time does go on—
I tell it gay to those who suffer now—
They shall survive—
There is a sun—
They don't believe it now—

Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)